Me and Pa
In
Florida

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Author and Publisher

Marcia Oral Clutter

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SECOND EDITION

To Those Who Come

Florida is a great empire bounded by rolling seas, decorated with palms and orange trees and blossoms. Men come to it from many lands and look for health and gold and pleasure. All can be found between the boundary lines of the north, and the seas on the east and west and south. BUT TO THOSE WHO COME let me give you all this friendly warning—health anywhere depends on yourselves—the use of the open air; the exercise that makes the blood circulate; the taking of foods that help instead of harm: Gold can be found between these boundary lines, also, but found as it is found everywhere by diligent work; sustained action along proper lines; honest conduct and intelligent thought; it is never found anywhere else in any other way, and Florida is no exception to the rule. Pleasure is here—abundant pleasure for every purse and every desire, but it is to be used rightly or else health will fly away and leave you old before your time, and the gold you have managed to find by labor will be worse than dross. LET ME AS A FRIEND TO THOSE WHO COME HERE, urge you to remember these things and then Florida will be home—and Home is close akin to Heaven.

(Signed) WM. C. HODGES,

Senator 8th District—Florida.

Written especially for "Me and Pa in Florida"—
M. O. C.

FLORIDA
"All the Year"
Wonderful Winters
Delightful Summers

Me and Pa in Florida

Deer Folks:—

Me and Pa onct upon a time wuz among them northern folk who talked bout Florida. The lure of the southland inspired Me and Pa with a painful longin for "The Land of Flowers" what the hole world wuz interristed bout, and we thought proberly the state wood feel prouder if we wuz among em. Always wantin to make folks happie, Me and Pa packed up our thermos bottle, Chummie, smellin salts and a few other necessarie articles and kepp on goin till we reached Jacksonville, the meetropolitain of Florida and the gate-way two. Me and Pa hunted all over for that gate, and we aint found it yet—but jest to reely know we wuz in this wonder Florida gave us a trill, and Me and Pa aint goin back north no more; jest goin on down the penadodolum what sticks out in the warm water bout 500 miles.

The ferst thing Pa did wuz by him a straw hat—he wuz insistin wearin it in Jennierarie, and he only had one day fore it was Febbierarie, and everbody wuz wearin summer togs, while everbody up north wuz wearin red flannil undies, and a freezin in em too. Ferst time Pa aint sleepin in hisn—he cut em up to shine "Old Henry," and my gouloshes we traded to a perfeckly charmin man who wuz pickin up antiques.

Pa got me a hole, brand spankin new riggin, and now we set our selfs down jest like its June, and it aint, round that band stand, with them seats in ever corner, and runnin all round the stand whar we wuz listenin to the stilish muzick, and Pa bequested em to play classic peaces like they do up north. Me and Pa thought it wood be more suitabill to play "After the Ball" cuz most everbody down heer is after a golf ball, a tennis ball or a base ball ever whar we go. Folks settin round iz the soshebill kind, and tuck

sutch panes in tellin Me and Pa whar to go, what to do, and what to see, and so Me and Pa aint missin nuthin and nobody aint missin Me and Pa. Even them folks down to the hotel wuz so considerin, when we wuz eatin the best fish we ever et rite from the water they wuz catched in, and we jest got to eatin rite smart when a purty gerl cum in with a tiny wash

ME AND PA IN NEW TOGS

bowl for Pa to wash his patties and she forgot the soap—Humph; two much style.

When we wuz wonderin round, we spied everbody goin down a windin road, so Me and Pa tagged long behind em, till we got to whar we stopped suddinly and everbody wuz talkin bout beech. Me and Pa was beginnin to look round for sum beech nuts. We saw gerls standin round with fillagree lace dresses, with stockins rolled down showin dimpled knees, and a nice big fur round their necks, and sum bald headed

chaps with white linen pants and overcoats, and a darkey boy holdin a sack of golf sticks for two bits —other then that we dident see nuthin that wuz eny whar near like them beech nuts.

> Jacksonville port has an adequate depth of water for vessels of large draft, anchorage for scores of ships of great capacity and sufficient berthing space for sixty or more vessels of average size. Jacksonville ships ply to nearly every civilized port. On the beautiful St. Johns are many floating yachts, and ships of every flag which speed away to the Atlantic about twenty-two miles distant.
>
> Jacksonville has three splendid 18-hole golf courses. A live oak in the suburbs of Jacksonville measures 25 feet in circumference, and has a spread of 142 feet. There are many giant trees in the state.

Me and Pa wuz bizzy watchin sum fellers arguyfin what kind of fishes to catch, cuz thars over 600 kinds to select from, and it aint no ezzy thing not to catch em. It jest seems them pohr deers are eddicated to bite; corse Me and Pa did heer they go to big skools, so we kin see how everbody has sutch inteeleck, eatin eddicated fish, and Me and Pa iz gettin that way two. This is sum golf country. Them old boys and gerls are bizzy knockin balls in holes what they aint seein from early in the mornin, year in and year out, at 50 cents to $2.50 a day. Me and Paws goin dig our own holes and we aint goin have teas on our golf course ether.

It seems all the plummers in Florida are bizzy too, dippin out water, folks sed, "its drainin" but Me and Pa aint use to no drainin only that jellie we wuz donatin to our neighbors for brekfist. Talk bout jellie, down heer they make it perfekly deeluocious out of what looks like it aint, taste like it iz, and smells like what it wuz. (Guava). Me and Pa wuz goin send sum up north, but we wuz shure when them

folks smelled em cummin they woodent know they wuz to eat.

> The guava is one of the hardiest and most easily grown of native fruits. There are sour and sweet, and in a number of varities. The trees are usually set about 10 to 20 feet apart, and about 200 trees to the acre. The trees begin to bear in two years, and produce a commercial crop of two to three tons in four years; of course depending upon the care and attention.

Me and Pa stands up and eats fruits rite off the trees—grape fruit two, and ain't usin sugar, with a bowl and spoon, but jest doin it like we iz spose to. They grow bananas heer two; and Me and Pa walked in a grossery store and sed, to a speckled face kid, with his hair all oiled, "give us sum bananas." He said, "them are lady fingers" and looked rite at me. Pa said, "you needent cast eny sutch insinuations," and i felt so kinder bashful like, and wantin to show the north spirits, i climbed up top of a pickle keg and sang em that populiar song—"Yes we aint got no bananas today." Speekin bout singin why i aint in it with them mockin birds whats singin all day and all nite, and flittin from tree to tree all at the same time. And talk bout things crawlin, they aint doin it haff as mutch as them histry book sed they wuz. The most whats crawlin, and aint dangers, iz them fellers from the north cummin heer pell mell and buildin perfekly gorgeous hotels, parchment houses, buildings, bizziness buildins, and openin up big tractions of land for lots, and lots of em are buyin em for lots more than they wuz, and in lots less time than they ever wuz, and them same lots wuz lots more next week than they wuz last week; and if they wuzent, then lots will wish they wuz meny more lots. Me and Pa bin urgin them folks what has eny cents to cum on down and build a bungelow sutch as they put up without eny hole—jest a block in the corners, and sum of em aint settin on nuthin but sand, what is mostly Spanish type, and what iz so close to our

feet we purfur settin. The daintie ones have pasteboard for walls; corse thems in Florida towns what aint needin stoves. Flowers are heer ever day in the year, and throwin out sweet perfume, so it aint surprisin to Me and Pa seein folks cummin heer from the north. Everthin thrives in Florida, jest like Me and Pa, and sum times we wonder how its did in sutch heaps of sand, corse, now and then to make it grow quicker they squirt on a little juice and put on a bit of stuff that smells worse than a pot of glue.

Me and Pa never kin travel to fast to miss nuthin, and bein use to signs sutch as black cats, horse shoes, pickin up pins and the like, we aint missin em in Florida, cuz this iz a wonderful state for all kinds. But bye the way, folks iz arguyfin round bout takin em down, but one in Hilden will shure stay put, so if a jelliss knocker, maybee from California, cums that way, it mite make him feel to home if he reads: "This is the bell that raises L and calls the guy that runs the house that Jack built. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome even if they dont spend a d——— cent."

Sum konsiderin komitee give the towns heer a nick name, and Me and Pa thinks its a konsiderin act. Its jest this way—when we go to a town, its the same as two, or Me in Jacksonville and Pa in "The Gateway City." Nobody kin count the population, cuz them towns tried it. Jacksonville wuz the biggest, and then Tampa wuz shure they wuz, and they got a feller to go round and count everbody, and then the feller in Jacksonville counted over again, cuz he wuzent shure on account them northern folks stoppin there, and than Meeamee thought they ought to get mixed up with all the big towns and count their folks, and all them towns got ixcited, and mixed up in the countin werse then ever—jest on count of them folks from the north. No wonder them towns wuz in a arguyfin state of mind, cuz folks cum to town when Florida folks are sleepin.

Me and Pa iz shure stuck on them big fat limbs stickin out of them oaks, with Spanish moss hangin

down, but Me and Pa thinks sum pohr old chaps what thought they wuz champanzees, got to close on a windy day and lost their whiskers in the trees. Sum folks sed, them pines whisper. We aint heer em whisper mutch to Me and Pa, but we did catch em leakin turpentine what aint.

Putnam county annually produces 3,000 barrels of turpentine and 9,000 barrels of rosin.

With all them trees in Florida, everbody sed, "Plant a tree." Me and Pa knows the ixplaination what is: Sum trees are in the rong place with all them towns sproutin over nite, and them what all ready iz, stretches—so they chop down the trees, and get em out of the way to make room for the human beins and auto masheens what cum rushin down the street—they aint goin have no trees to stop em.

Florida has more varieties of trees than any other state. The trees beautify gardens and avenues, and supply fruits and nuts, and lumber for numerous purposes. In this semi-tropical climate the preservation of trees should be encouraged; too many people do not realize the vast importance of these grand old monarchs. They willingly chop down the magnificent century oak, the tall pines and coconut palms with no thought of the value or beauty.

Sum of them trees give Me and Pa a perfekly longin taste, and even though we jest cum from a resteront, we wuz allways ready to pocket sum of them fruits, but we dident, cuz them signs scares Me and Pa into leavin em rite whar they iz. Them groves has trade marks, what sed, "we get persekuted and fined $500 jest for takin fruits," and hundreds of tons layin on the ground wastin. Me and Pa druv pass fass as we could, and acted like we aint seen nuthin, but we wuz peekin out of our left eye to see if sum feller wuz konsiderin nuff to hang up a sign "Help yourself." Me and Pa wuz allways passionately fond of navy beans, and when we wuz informed of Pensacola Navy Yards histry dates back to 1824, we wuz shure they

wood have plentie of em, but when Me and Pa arrived there wuz a big change—no beans—its an airial station.

Pensacola air-station is the largest in the country and the only one on the gulf. The red snapper fish market is the largest in the world.

Pa sed, now we seen the biggest red snapper market whats bigger than enybody else has, we will go to over to the Capital and see the nuts, cuz they shure have plentie of em in that pecan grove whats bigger then enybody else has. Me and Pa jest forgot to remember how meny nuts wuz in the packwidge of pecans we uster to read bout in the north papers, but Me and Pa duzzent fret bout a little thing like that no more.

Florida is specially adapted to pecan culture, the nuts being of the finest quality. Located near Tallahassee is the largest grove in the world, covering 70,000 acres.

Tallahassee is located high on red clay hills that remind one of the rolling hills of Maryland and Virginia and is the center of the real farming and dairy industry of the state. It is a city of great old-fashioned homes, set in large lots (big enough for a city block) embowered with roses and heliotropes and those plants which still know four seasons of the year, even though the seasons are not very pronounced. The Capitol has been here since "the time when man's memory runneth not to the contrary" and the College for Women with nearly 2,000 girls, and buildings on the campus going up into millions in value; the State and Federal Negro college is here also on another high hill. All that is left of the "old plantation life" of the South still lingers; old tiny negroes with the suave politeness of the times before "the war"; the courtesy and chivalry of the white men folks and the beauty and grace of their "ladies" carry one back to the days of ruffled shirts and hoop skirts. Three state roads are routed into this city and the soil is a virgin field. The Leon Hotel, that had housed the legislature for 50 years, is giving way to a new 12-story New Leon and the fingers of the times seem to be resting also on Tallahassee and its red clay hills.

If Me and Pa wuz doin it over again we wood go to skool in Florida, cuz we learned arfitmetic fore we learned the alfabet, and sints we cum heer we found out Florida histry is the most important.

A score of years have passed since the founding of the University of Florida. The City of Gainesville being chosen as its home, that municipality gave a beautiful site of 640 acres for the campus. The Florida University is a great help to the state and millions of dollars are saved by the efficiency of the scientists.

Me and Pa wuz certeny serprized at the good muzick what them University boys kin get out of a band. Me and Pa wuz wize to them Parson Browns oranges in Marion county and Pa sed, "Gosh, we will spend a couple bucks and go over and call on em, and maybee they will hand us out a pockit full." Well, all Marion county wuz waitin for Me and Pa when we arrived in Ocala. They treated us to a barberkue and sugar cane grind all in one day, they wuz grabbin us by both hands and everbody talkin at the same time, and all the wommin folks tellin bout the peck o' trubble they had gettin there on time, and the boss of the doins was the deerest man—he wuz sort of fat with chin whiskers and wore a purty red tie and carried a Rushinwolfhoun round all day, cuz it wuz so bashful among northern folks like Me and Pa. They wuz jest as soshebill as all of Florida, and the little fat man wuz scared Me and Pa mite get hungry fore we got out of the county, so he stuck a whole barbekue ham in Paws ballon pants, and put a sizzlin hot waffle in my vanity case. Honest it aint worth livin nowhar but in Florida.

Ocala is the county seat, and has an interesting history, and many places in the county have associations with the Confederacy.

Silver Springs, the largest in the world, which flow 368,913 gallons of water in a minute, are near Ocala, and this affords the starting point of a marvelous trip in a glass-bottom boat, providing one with an ever-changing panorama through sub-tropical scenery. Henry Ford will plant for experiment, rubber trees near Silver Springs.

When Me and Pa tuck that trip i wuz scared to peaces Pa wood bust up the glass, jest on account bustin up ever thing he gets a chance at, sints we cum to Florida. And shure nuff he busted up the hole a-fair. Me and Pa was loiterin round in the tall timbers one mornin and one of them Florida cows wuz taken its mornin ixercise like it wuzent no use to hunt for nuthin to chew, but its lack of green pasture reminded Me and Pa what the last issue of the noospaper said, "that cows oughter be weighed ever two weeks," so Me and Pa got weighed—and it was demonstrated we wuz sooted to Florida klimate—Pa 269 and Me 97. Nuther thing that sooted Me and Pa wuz them two ligged birds what flit round in the trees, are pertecked and them birds known rite whar them signs are, what reeds "Bird Sanctuaries."

Putnam county is recognized as one of the best agriculture counties in the state and boasts of fine dairy herds. The growers plant celery in October, cut the crop first week in January, follow this with a crop of potatoes on same land, market potatoes in April, plant field corn and then when it's laid aside put same land in cowpeas.

Me and Pa has a faintin idee them fellers cum from Illinois, and if them Missouri fellers wood jest take a day off and let em show em what they kin do, Me and Pa wood meet sum of our old friends. While we wuz hangin on to Putnam county, a solemn chap in a frock coat and a curled mustash, wuz hintin he wood go with Me and Pa to "The Industrial City," but he specked his industry countin them eyes in his potateter patsh wuz his dooty, so Me and Pa followed hisn directions what landed us in Palatka.

Palatka is situated on the banks of the beautiful St. Johns river. Some of the largest lumber mills in the South are here. The products of Palatka's factories are carried to all parts of the country.

The shad industry has grown to a great extent and during the fishing season several hundred fishermen are employed shipping on an average of 200 barrels of shad a day.

For the love o' Mike, while Me and Pa wuz in St. Augustine we wuz rite among em. It kinder made Me and Pa feel to home, cuz we wuz allways sort of historrickill, and we found ever thing pertainin to our antsisters. Dont seem to be eny of em lingerin round that old town no more, so we wuz satisfied with the old buildins, what aint no whar else. Aint ever town kin boost of bein the oldest uncovered in America, and ever whar Me and Pa looked sumthin reminded us of the pass. When we wuz in them nar-

FT. MARION, ST. AUGUSTINE

row streets we felt like we wuz there over 300 years ago—corse we wuzent, but them old buildins what we aint got to home, give us intirely different centation. The slave house, the plazza, and the fort—O its lurin what sum folks do get in their town. Me and Paws bin meetin lots wize chaps, but aint none of em cum up to Poncie De Leon, who wuz the advertisin man for a Florida magazine, and he invented a spring to

make old folks young in St. Augustine. Them wommin folks whats drinkin that water aint ixtractin eye brows and their face aint shinin ether and them old boys are jest as boyish lookin as them gerls with bobbed hair and khaci knickers. Me and Pa cum to the konclooson to get a spring like Poncies so we kin stay young and see what Florida will look like 69 years from date.

Fort Marion, a place of pilgrimage visited by thousands yearly, is considered the finest example of medieval fortifications in America.

It makes no difference whar Me and Pa goes we get round the most konsiderin folks. In Daytona the Rotary club and the Kiwanis is so full of the Florida spirits they serve thousands of pillicans, guhls, cranes and the like ever afternoon at 4 o'clock, so them folks from the north kin see how smart them birds heer are, and they even kin tell time—why its serprizin they know more than sum other folks.

Daytona has one of the finest beaches in Florida and is famous for motor racing. Fishing from the ocean pier has become a great sport attraction which draws hundreds. As high as 2,600 trout have been caught in one day, many of them weighing over five pounds. The Community Open Forum, where the greatest orators can be heard, the band concerts daily, three splendid golf courses, are some other attractions.

John D. Rockefeller has a home at Ormond near Daytona.

Folks wuz even konsiderin bout them mosquitos fore we got there all of em wuz ordered out of town, with a few shots of oil. Many cities have mosquito squads with implements what iz nuthin but a squirt gun, who goes round for $12,000 or more and gets them wild skeeters dead or alive. Me and Pa thinks up north the Humane society woodent let em, thats why sum towns in the north has jest as meny, and sum more then Florida towns.

Me and Pa wuz kurious to see the ferst land development what surrounds New Smyrna, and thinkin we wood see sum of our English forefathers what mite tell us a jolly good joke, By Jove, and sip with Me and Pa a bit of 4 o'clock tea, we stepped by, and Poncie told Me and Pa if we ever wuz in Florida to be shure and see Turtle Mound, what he saw in 1513.

> Turtle Mound, located on the ocean beach a few miles south of New Smyrna, is built of oyster shells, and by the Indians over five centuries ago—it reaches the height of 75 feet. New Smyrna claims some of the most interesting historical points in the state.

Sanford breezes were sum what diffrent than sum, cummin as they did in the month of March full of celery odor. Me and Pa wuz eager to get a better smell and druv pass the biggest celery fields in the world. The celery king we dident see, so Me and Pa cum to the konklooson he wuz feelin so prosperous that he mite be off in sum secluded spot fillin his stummick full of celery for his nerves.

> DeLand, the county seat of Volusia county, is located about 110 miles south of Jacksonville, in a high, rolling fertile section and was founded by A. DeLand of Fairport, N. Y. In carrying out his program he enlisted the aid of his friend, John Stetson, a Philadelphia hatter; thus the early history of this Florida city is associated with these two benefactors and founders. Here is located Stetson University.

Me and Pa landed in Lake county jest 5:15 for the dainty luncheon they had waitin for our honor. Corse Pa spilled the beans the ferst thing, when he said, "You crackers shure aint ixpectin us to get away with all that, when sum of them things we aint eatin nohow, but we wood do the best we kin even if we had to stick sum of em in a cheese box for shippin purposes." Me and Pa reely did think they had to mutch salad. Ferst wuz fruit fowltail what had peaches, plums, pears, persimmons, figs, grapes, blackberries,

bluberries, loquats, guavas, avocados, mangoes, pine-apple, pomegranites and satsumas. Then the second was vegetable hash, what had cabbage, cucumbers, celery, tomatoes, string beans, peas and all this was piled on a lettuce leaf. Peppers stuffed with Irish spuds, sweet potatoes yamed, egg plant fried, squash smashed, cant-a-loop with water mellon, quail on toast, doves baked, rabbit fried, squirrel stewed, wild turkey rare, deer broiled, and Me and Pa had to take our choice of eggs or bass. They brought on the straw-berry shortcake—yum, yum—and a stalwart, clear-eyed expert made a after dinner speech, and sed, "Everbody wuz filled with plezzure to see Me and Pa et everthing what wuz on the table, and it wuz sutch a relish and the hole of it cum rite out of the acres in Lake county." Pa sed, "Mr. stop rite whar you iz, you aint goin pull no Florida wool over me eyes, that short cake aint growin in nobodys acre nohow." The health expert sed, "the strawberries wuz," and Pa sed, "that aint the hole shortcake." So as usual Pa busted up the hole a-fair.

Me and Pa wuz acquainted with oodles of Doras—one wuz a flapper, and in Florida aint none, sints the state passed a law to expel em from the vocal cords, and the other Dora wuz a red headed stenographer who liked her gum, so corse we wuz kurious to meet Mt. Dora, while in Lake county.

> Mt. Dora claims the prettiest lake of the 1,400 in Lake county, and it is connected with other lakes by a series of canals that are winding waterways through delightful sub-tropical scenery. Mt. Dora has an elevation of 300 feet above sea level. Its streets are lined with huge oak trees, and gardens are charming with flowers and shrubbery.

Me and Pa wuz forever bumpin into Leesburg jest on account of so many roads leadin us there.

> Leesburg, wide awake and progressive, is lying between two splendid lakes. Much of the land is splendid citrus soil and fine groves are to be seen. A fishing camp supplies the sportsman with a boat, bait and a guide who knows where the fish are to be found.

Speck that innocent, tall, skinney, timid knock-knee feller what had jest cum from a nuther state, dident know that Me and Pa wuz wise to them water insecks when he said, he wood show us. Pa jest sed soft like so he woodent hurt the pohr deers feelins, "If them wuz suckers stead of 14-pound basses we mite be able to catch em in Florida sand."

Clermont is the center of a fruit growing section, and grapes are beginning to rival the luscious grape fruit. The slogan, "The Gem of the Hills," describes the fast growing little city.

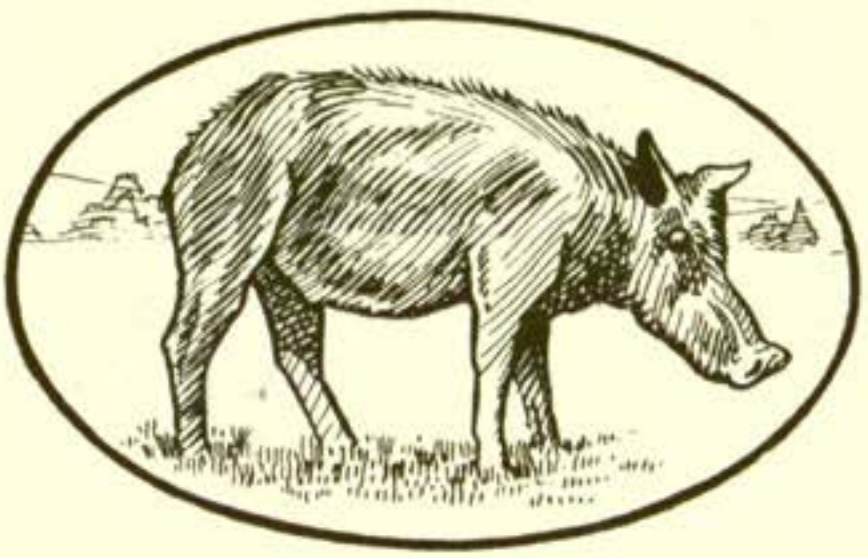
A reely nice man cum along with a 100-pound water mellon, and Me and Pa sed, "aint we got fun, if we kin git him on a picnic with mackerony," what Me and Pa likes too, but the feller with the ice box got the mellon, so Pa busted up the hole a-fair, and mackerony too.

Orange county, of which Orlando is the county seat, is located in the geographical center of the state. In the county are situated 1,500 clear water lakes.

The ferst minnit Me and Pa landed in Orlando we looked up our friends in the city almanac, and the

next nite we wuz sittin out to a free band concert down to Eola Lake, what is perjectin out into the band stand, and its the finest contraption in the lake. The komitee called it "The City Beautiful" jest cuz it has 24 lakes, and most of em has drives, palms, benches and walks for Me and Pa to set on and think what next to do, what wuz to heer them tame lions what has c(l)ubs in most ever town, but they aint all muzickill. Draper Bartlett is the smallest lion what sings ezzy if he gets his malted milk fore he starts. Ferst they have to get their bait or they wont perform. Each one devours a package of seedless raisins and a pound of celery, and when Draper roars with a cross look, Gordon Willox, Harry Eastwood, and Joe Davis start their singin lesin, what they all sing free whenever they are told. Thats nuther nice thing in Florida—them towns gives free entertainments for Me and Pa, and everbody follows us.

There is shure somethin interrestin bout them animals down heer, specily them razor back hogs, what shure is lackin sumthin. Me and Pa wuz lookin at em in them medders what aint, and we sed, "aint it too bad



ONE OF THE RAZOR BACKS

they aint felin better, shure sumethin ailin em with them back bones out of shape." When they are served as a dellikate food, it needs mutch masculine power and Me and Pa found our teeth aint repaired for the undertakin. Some folks has real pigs but aint enuff of em. Me and Pa iz lookin for sum of them wize fellers from the Hawkeye state to cum down heer and compet with them who iz advancin long in

the [illegible]are. The north has lots of good qualifi-
[illegible]aint haff been sed bout Florida.
W[illegible] and Pa wuz peekin in a window at purty
[illegible] of stub divisions, out jumped a feller who sed, "aint you bin down to ———— yet?" And he was so sweet talkin bout them big buzzes with soft cushions and nice luntches, and how they wuz haulin folks ever day and they wuz full, and it wuz sutch a nice ride and he begged Me and Pa to try it, so we mustered up courage to go the new fangled way of travelin. Them fellers sed so mutch bout them towns and everbody makin money in farms rasin unyuns, pertaters, twomaters, celery, and the like in trucks; and sed folks up north wuz freezin in the snow Christmas and eatin strawberries, what folks down heer wuz pickin for em and settin under a shadie tree. Me and Pa nodded our heads he wuz intirely honest Then he wuz tellin bout them chickens what kin be out doors all year round, even in the nite and layin all the time. Me and Pa thinks if they kin eddicate em to lay at nite maybee they woodent need to import quite so meny eggs for them tourist, same as pork, beef, butter and more poultry. G! he talked so mutch Me and Pa wuz all fed up fore we got our luntch.

> Instead of importing nearly a half million dollars worth of eggs and poultry in the year, Florida should be exporting several times that amount, considering the advantages this state has over others in raising poultry.
>
> Florida truck farms produce the greater part of winter vegetables that are consumed in the North, East and West.

Me and Pa bleeves if we kin get our mental equipment workin rite we kin sell realestate ezzy as ever body else. When we wuz full of orange juice we cum back and when we sed, "we aint goin back north no more, cuz we got that Florida sand in our shoes," them fellers grinned all over and gave us more juice. And rite there Pa busted up the hole a-fair.

Everyone visiting Orlando will enjoy Winter Park. Some of the beauty spot. large estates of the pioneers, and many of t. open to visitors who delight in the variety and of landscape gardening.

Winter Park is the home of Irving Bachellor. Here Rollins college, the oldest institution of higher learning in the state, is beautifully situated on the banks of Lake Virginia.

A short drive from here to Altamonte Springs, noted for its pure water and pine covered hills, and in this vicinity will be the home of the National newspaper writers.

Wekiwa Springs, 18 miles from Orlando, is a most picturesque resort.

Another romantic and delightful spot, five miles distant and known as Shell Island in the Wekiwa river, has been taken over by the Miller Corporation. The channel in the river, through which pleasure boats ply, extends through a field of water hyacinths in full bloom most of the time, and with the moss covered cypress trees and water oaks which canopy the river, one cannot fail to be charmed with its beauty.

WEKIWA SPRINGS

Me and Pa sed, "aint no cents a body havin rhumaticks when that water makes em walk, swim and keep clean too." Everday a body kin take a bath in a pool what has springs clear to the bottom 18 feet deep, and what begins the river whar Me and Pa tuck sutch a nice ride in a plezzure boat—one of em holds 60 people but Me and Pa dident ride in that one—we wuz fraid sum old snob mite be among em and beg Me

and Pa to play mah jongg. When we wuz ridin in them jungles like them Indians left em, a eight foot alligator full of creases, wuz stretched on a log as kozy as a bug. Pa wuz goin to snap his pictur and that gator made up his mind he aint, and slid into the water, and them turtles all sizes, lookin round unkoncerned like saw that pesky pictur masheen and they did what the gator did, so as usual Pa busted up the hole a-fair. Them turtles with the moss on em an inch long, reminded Pa it aint a bad idea to order a keg of that water to make fuzz grow on his bald top so he kin throw away his $3.00 wig.

When the paleface was unknown in these lands, and the silent feet of the moccasined redskin trod beneath waving palms and gigantic pines and majestic oaks, tradition has it that the mighty Seminole tribe from the Big Water Apopka (Apopka Lake) held conclaves in the wondrous glen, six miles toward the rising sun, and on the banks of the gushing waters of these springs, which inspired with awe and reverence these romantic people of the past.

The Seminoles knew not from whence came the volume of clear, crystal liquid that kept their braves fit and healthy, and even cured the ailing. At a council meeting in the still of the night flickering fires cast grotesque shadows of those gathered for the ceremonial, deep into the wooded hammock, and they named the place Wekiwa (Mystery Water).

Sum folks never kin pronounce Kissimmee rite. Me and Pa sed, "Kiss me," but corse that wuz a habit we formed when we uster set on the back porch.

Kissimmee is in Osceola county. The lake is twelve miles long and is the starting point for a delightful 250-mile scenic trip through a chain of lakes down the Kissimmee river to the Atlantic ocean. The soil is especially adapted for all kinds of garden vegetables.

While Me and Pa wuz in Orlando one of them centers of Florida, we wuz filled with meny nochuns, and

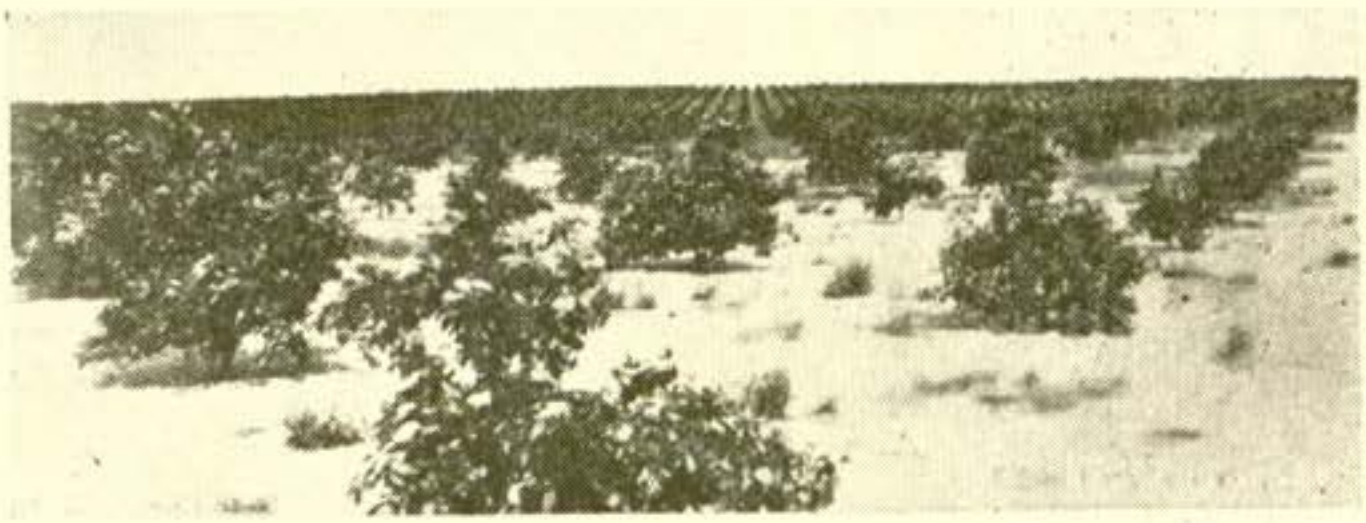
one of em wuz to get over to the largest county in the United States.

Polk county is not only the largest county in the United States, but it is the largest citrus producing county in the world.

In this county we find Davenport, located in a tract of land purchased by Lorenzo A. Wilson in 1919. This was the foundation of what is now Holly Hill Groves, covering 5,000 acres of the rolling hills of Polk county. This acreage is indented with numerous placid, blue lakes and interspersed with 90 miles of highway, beautiful with tropical shrubbery and Australian silk oak.

Haines City is the commercial center and is proud of being in Polk county, and has the distinction of being called "The Gateway to South Florida," and is the beginning of the 50-mile chain of hills extending to Sebring. Mammoth Grove, the largest citrus grove in the world with 200,000 trees, borders the highway enroute.

Lake Wales is in the heart of these hills, and is called "The Crown Jewel of the Scenic Highlands." Near here we find the largest orange grove in the world, containing 10,000 trees.



HOLLY HILL GROVES, DAVENPORT

Me and Pa had a feelin as we druv along, we mite be gettin on top of the Woolworth buildin cuz we felt ourselfs goin higher, and when we saw a solemn man with deep blue eyes standin long the road side, Pa sed, "We mite fall off Polk county," and shure nuff we did, and landed rite in Winter Haven, and when we got up—there stood the same man, sayin "you are

now in 'The City of 100 lakes,' and all are spring fed.'' Pa looked at me out of the corner of his eye and sed, ''Gosh! that reminds me of them milk fed chickens up north.''

In Winter Haven are located the two largest citrus nurseries in the world, where hundreds of thousands of citrus trees are propagated each year and are shipped to all parts of Florida, and even to foreign lands.

Winter Haven, with its chain of lakes, has several connected with canals which afford delightful boat trips extending 50 miles.

Me and Pa wuz hearin nuthin but big, bigger and biggest ever place we wood look, and the next look—wuz rite in the face of a big fat man, the biggest man in town who sed, with a musickill voice, ''Aint you-all goin down to the BIG Festival?'' Me and Pa turned all way round to see who ''All'' wuz but he wuz gone. Shure the hole of Polk county turned out that day, cuz we aint ever seen so meny people all to once—it wuz bigger then a cirkus. Pa wuz scared and busted up the hole a-fair.

Bartow, the county seat of Polk, is called "The City of Oaks." The agricultural possibilities surrounding Bartow are boundless, due to the excellent soil and climatic conditions. Bartow is in the center of the lake highlands nearly midway between the Gulf of Mexico and Atlantic ocean at an elevation which enables it to catch the zephyrs from both great bodies of salt water. There are five main public highways leading in and out of Bartow, each to a separate and distinct section.

While me and Pa wuz standin round feelin them breezes cummin through them oak treeses and tryin to catch a few of them zebras they wuz tellin bout, we spied a jazz band director givin way arfitimetic samples. Me and Pa fairly gasped when he said,

Polk county has over 70,000 acres, in which there are nearly 4,000,000 citrus trees.

Three million acres in Southern Florida can be used for sugar cane, and each ton will produce 190 pounds of sugar.

There are 250 varieties of crops, fruits, nuts and vegetables that grow in Florida.

Florida produces 80 per cent of the watermelon seed planted in the United States, and shipments are made in car load lots. Plant City has the distinction of being the largest strawberry producing community in the world, and 10,000 quarts of berries have been grown on one acre of land.;

If all the crates of tomatoes shipped out of Florida were placed in a row (and touching) they would reach from Key West to St. Paul, Minn., and if they were in a square (edges touching) they would cover 203 acres of land.

An average of one car every 4½ minutes in the year is shipped by the citrus fruit growers of the state.

That jazz man even sed there wuz 180 multi-millionaires all at one time on the east coast in winter of 1925. Me and Pa wuz awake all nite tryin to multiply how meny hot dog sandwitches they kin eat in a day. Me and Pa thinks maybee we oughter study jazz muzick.

Lakeland struck me and Pa cuz its in the center of the citrus belt, and we shure keep step together when we wuz in that belt, and sed over and over again "aint we got fun."

An interesting fact about Lakeland is that approximately two thousand acres have been purchased by the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America where the aged and disabled members will have a home. Lakeland was chosen for the National Home of the Brotherhood, where they have an administrative as well as many community buildings and bungalows for the members.

Me and Pa laffed mutch at one of them Lakeland wommin when she wuz gazin with longin eyes at our wollie English Shepherd with his clumsie paws, and luscious brown eyes, and insulted him by sayin, "issent it a nice big cat?" Me and Pa jest sed, "aint

ever body seein like some folks—if they wuz we wood stay in Lakeland whar the Cleveland Indyuns think its a paradise for trainin balls and bats.

The State Citrus Experiment Station is located in Polk County.

The main trubble Me and Pa had in that county wuz gettin out. Folks wood telefone from one town to the next we wuz on our way, and the next town wuz beggin us to stay and see what they had to offer, but bleeve me, Pa got me out for they got a chance to ixperiment on me. Me and Pa aint seein many silent cities, corse it woodent be profitabill bizz nohow, cuz aint no cents a body starvin to death, no day in the year. Enybody kin pick a lemon to a coconut, if they woodent et a orange or a unyun. They kin catch a minnie, if they aint willin to eat a tarpon, or pick out anything from a wild fowl to a dear, and nobody wuz ever gettin a sunstrike and bein shocked or freezin doin it.

The way them folks cum in heer from ever state, with the queerest ideas bout travelin—aint no more like it wuz 50 years ago—than a ox is like a auto. Folks cum in them masheens with a room full of trinkets on top, with a platform on the hind end, with a baby buggie, sum cookin pans, bed springs, dogs, boxes tacked to the door, holdin what they aint found room for in the two wheel cart whats taggin on behind. Sum of em in cunnin little shanties on wheels, with lace curtains and a bed built in em, with a oil stove—and they spin by jest like its perfectly natural and harmless. Sum of em whats in a bigger hurry, cum in a ordinary air ship or bisickle, sum of em choose to walk or ride the Seaboard, Atlantic Coast Line or Florida East Coast—it dont make a bit of difference, jest eny way to get heer, even if they take a boat. And them masheens with the ice boxes hangin on with a inlarged pictur of the family left behind, wheel barrels and cross word puzzle, and a lantern, are all sort of touchin to Me and Pa. But most inspirin of all iz them who

packed up their trubbles in the old kit bag what woodent go in their trunk and cum to Florida and slept on a bunk, to dabble in land by the chunk.
Me and Pa bin speekin bout a trip down the west coast, and when we wuz told bout Tarpon Springs we cum to the konclooson it aint haff bad idee to sponge off of em for a while, and maybee sum of our friends mite be doin it too.

Tarpon Springs is accredited the largest sponge market in the world, and has an annual income of over a million dollars from the sponge industry. The people who carry on this interesting work are for the greater part Greek who are gradually becoming Americanized. These men make about three trips yearly to the grounds which are in many instances 200 feet from the shore, the crafts usually equipped with about six men and the most skilled divers go down to the depth of 150 to 175 feet and gather sponges which are sent to the surface, and after taken ashore are prepared for the market. This is done by breaking the thin covering or skin and the jelly-like substance removed, the skeleton is then dried and ready for sale.

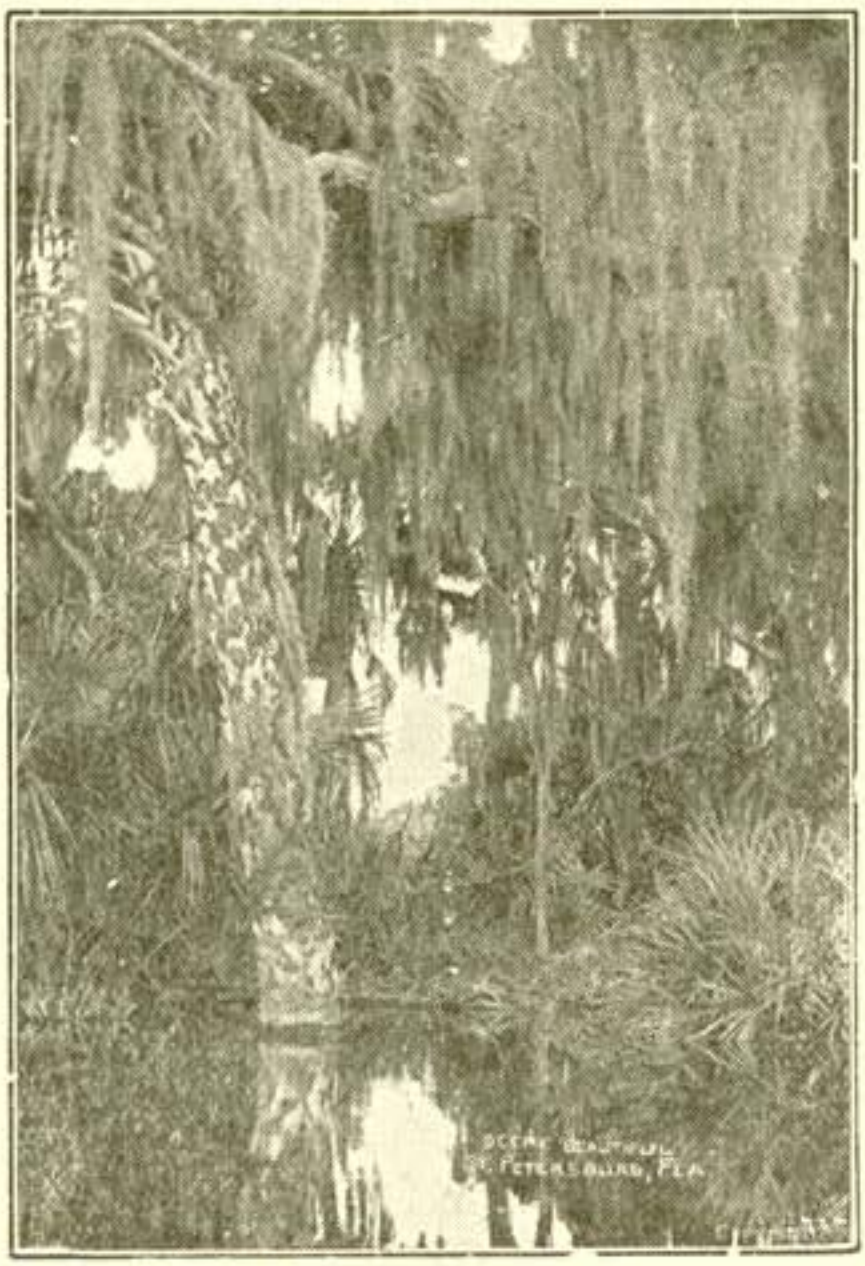
POPULAR MID-WINTER SPORT, CLEARWATER BAY

Me and Pa wuz headed for Clearwater, when we wuz reely itchin to get into one of them caffateries. Me and Pa has the habit a paradin into one of em and standin in a row for a couple of hours, whar we kin

get the same meal for a couple bits less than a stilish hotel, and whar we kin git a haff grape fruit for the same price as we kin in the north, and whar they aint decoratin them walls with price tags, so when Me and Pa cums long we aint spoilin our meal by knowin what it will cost till we get to the cash grabber.

Clearwater is the county seat of Peerless Pinellas. A view of the bay and gulf may be had from the business section, and these waters are the scenes of many popular forms of sports, especially yacht and motor boat racing. Many interesting meets are held under the auspices of the Clearwater Yacht club.

Sints Me and Pa heard mutch bout St. Petersburg and his Kiltie band, and the champion checker players, horse shoe pitchers and the like, we wuz anxious



PARK, BEAUTIFUL ST. PETERSBURG

to see old St. Pete, who we wuz shure wood be in the real estate bizz, but he wuz called way from that full grown "Sunshine City," and fore he went he got

everbody in the habit of playin and cummin there all year round. They even opened up nine more play grounds and hire wommin and men to teach em, and the band plays all summer and all winter, and the baseball team plays all the time to amuse folks with hooters, fly-fowls, skyscrapers, bass-hits, fare-balls, and cunnin-curves, so the winter residents and all year round folks kin enjoy life in the town—St. Pete.

Pinellas county, a veritable beauty spot, almost entirely surrounded by water, is a natural playground for metropolis St. Petersburg. Climate is one of St. Petersburg's steady assets. One of the daily papers expresses its faith in the city's prevailing sunshine by giving away its entire edition on any day when the sun has not shown up to the hour of going to press. This has not averaged over five times in a year.

St. Petersburg is one of the greatest resort towns on the west coast; and this city is proud of the private Pullman car, valued at $40,000, which is used by the community organizations as an advertising medium.

Me and Pa wuz mutch alarmed that A. B. Stafford, the wild animal expert, mite get the zoo started fore we got away.

George S. Gandy, a Philadelphia traction man, obtained a franchise for a bridge across the shallow waters of Old Tampa bay. It is of concrete, seven miles in length—the longest bridge in the world and cuts off a distance of more than 30 miles between St. Petersburg and Tampa. It is estimated that more than 5,000 cars pass over it daily.

Me and Pa jest couldent be relieved till we reached Tampa, so Pa could get one of them 10 cent cigars what Tampa is famous for, and what they wuz sellin at a bargain on wash day for two bits. Corse them millionaires woodent smoke em from the bargain counter cuz they wuzent givin way a koupon good for nuther one.

Tampa has 175 cigar factories, and about 500 other industries. From Tampa is shipped more phosphate than any other port in the world.

Tampa has a bay, and Me and Pa wuz goin negosheate for it, so we wood allways have a parkin space somewhar, but when the hole city wuz ixcited over a Davis feller developin islands in that bay, Me and Pa lost all our pep, only to tell the world bout em. It wuz shure a plezzure to see the feller who wuz onct upon a time, a nice little barefoot newsboy who used to take a bath and swim in it too.

D. P. Davis when a young man, attended the State University; leaving there he engaged in the real estate and developing work on the east coast, later returning to Tampa as one of Florida's youngest millionaires.

Davis Islands, figuratively, is only a stone's throw from the heart of the city; less than one-half mile from the court house and city hall and but a few hundred feet distant from the fashionable and exclusive Bayshore boulevard. This, less than a year ago, was a small group of tropically verdured islands nestled, untouched by man, in the the beautiful waters of Tampa bay—today there is an ever changing skyline.

Pa sed, "its all Tommy-rot to take a bath in Florida —only out of a tub," so Me and Pa skidded out into the huge salty gulf whats bigger than eny water tank Me and Pa ever did see, and not bein use to salty water i got my feet whar my head oughter bin. Paws voice dangled between a sopranie and a natural bass when he said, if i keep that pose up, folks wood think it wuz a burlesque we wuz stagin and he wood have to spend some hush money. And all the time i wuz thinkin bout that oil stove up north what i wuz luggin in the bath room with a red hot furnace in the basement. Pa busted up the hole a-fair when he got to thinkin bout a motor cop and a dish of kumquats.

Jest cuz the committee called Bradenton, Manatee and Palmetto "The Gem Cities," they all squatted together on the Manatee river, and this shows how

soshebill sum towns kin be. A huge sea cow was roamin round from one town to the other lookin for sum Indyuns, so the komitee beleeved it wuz the "Land of Manatee."

> Bradenton is the county seat, and is called "The Friendly City."
>
> Manatee is the oldest town on the Manatee river.
>
> Palmetto is on the north side of the river, and has the distinction of being the largest shipping point for vegetables and ffruits in this productive section.
>
> The state road department has built a concrete bridge over the Manatee river, costing nearly a million dollars.

Me and Pa sed, "that's what 'The Gem Cities' get for bein so friendly one to the other, and singin that song 'Kind Words Will Never Die.'"

Me and Pa cum in kontack with sum of them taxi drivers from the north, what wuz iffected with the ixtreme heat and cold and cum down heer to be a winter resident; but the klimate iffected em, and they wuz turned into all year round wize birds in knickers, with a reelstate shingle. Me and Pa aint seein eny of em wearin spats, but the wrist watch iz still populair, corse they have to look up their sleeve once in awhile to see how much profit they made in a ten minute deal. If they take a $10 bill out of their pockit, when they put their hand in the right, it has turned into a $1,000. Nuthin to see em struttin round with their pockets bulgin like they wuz full of egg nogs, when it aint nuthin only eggs-actly what they buy Florida klimate with.

Speck if Me and Pa tells the world money iz rollin round, and we even seen em givin way reely paper dollars in the form of green backs, sum folks wood wonder what the reason wuz—it wuz a lot sale. The cunnin, chunkie chappie, with cream colour cashmere baloon panties what cum to hisn knees wuz perched on a platform tellin Me and Pa and all the folks what followed us, what a fine stub division it wuz and if they take them lots, how lots of em kin clean themselves

up. He wuz so interested in his oration he dident seem to mind showin his ankles what wuz all covered up with gay socks, but jest as soon as enybody wood snarl, blink or growl a little, he wood stretch his collar bone, swallow Adams apple, and speek with a beggin voice: "Enybody heer want sum money?" It jest looked to Me and Pa aint meny folks wantin them green backs, cuz the only ones who wood hold up their hands, wuz old maids what needed a hair cut. Me and Pa dident hold up hands cuz we wuz thinkin sum mite think we wuz goin to start a pohr house, cuz we aint found any down heer. When Me and Pa turned round we looked a big truck rite in the face what was loaded with pop, and we stood up there and drank jest like we wuz use to drinkin out of catch up bottles. Honest, it aint costin mutch to live in Florida, if we jest hang round them reelstate fellers, and we kin see lots of the country too, and save on gas what sells at 30 cents per.

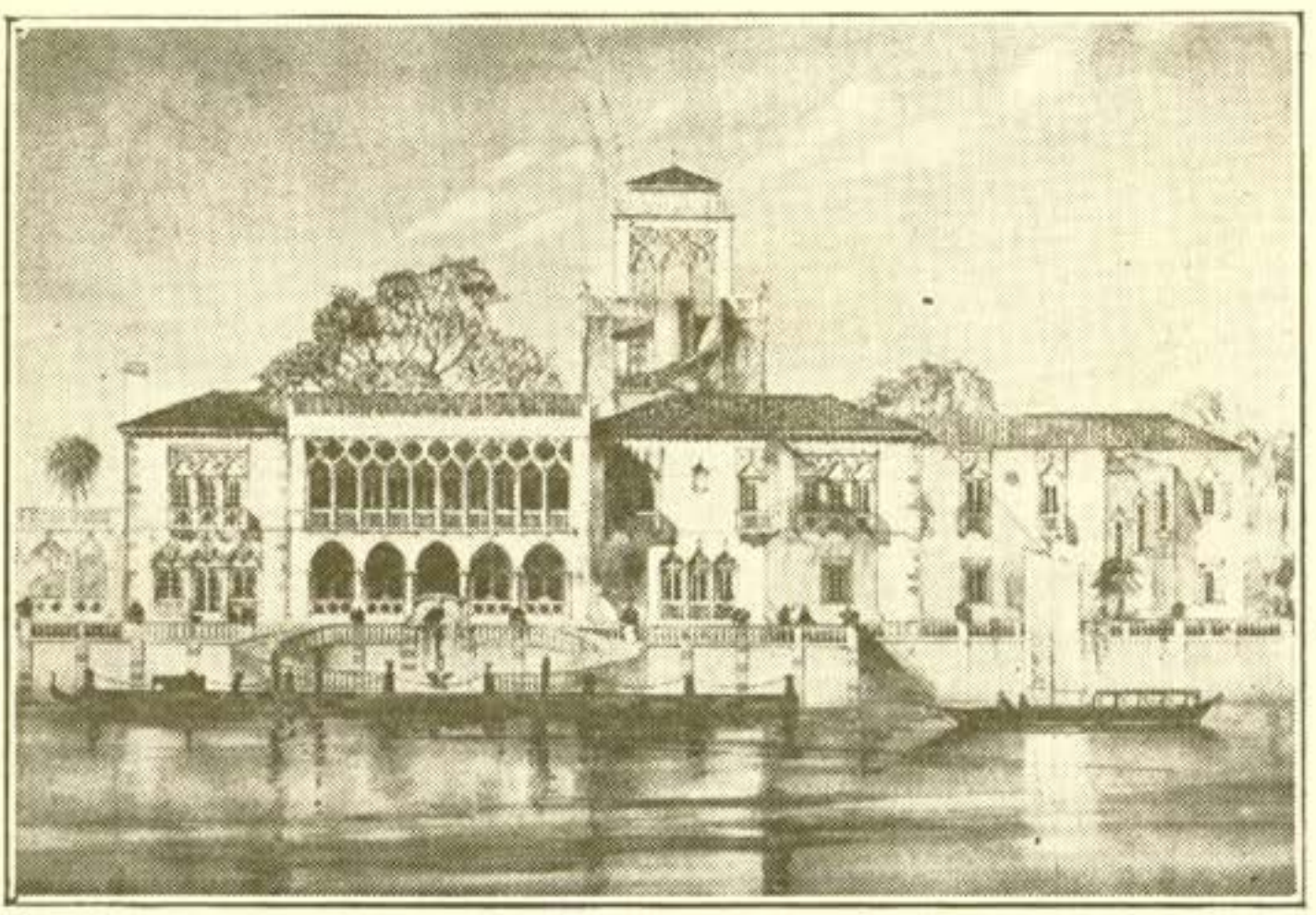
Me and Pa thinks its our dooty to give way sum advise to all them Buckeyes, Hoosiers, and the rest whats followin us in heer. Up to date aint no money visible on trees—nobody aint gettin eny jest settin round, corse there iz work for them who willingly do it, and plentie of land to buy.

Me and Pa decided it wood be perfekly dredfill to tell nobody we aint sleepin on no oyster beds, so we went to Sarasota ixpectin to get a reel snooze—dident even get a chance, cuz all them bell hops butted in ever minnit with a shriek bout nuther big land deal, or sum fellers dream cummin true on that marvelliss golf course. This mistry caused Me and Pa to have a drain on our brain bout Johnie and Charlie Ringling spendin money to see what one kin spend the most developin and sellin land round Sarasota, and havin a cirkus all to themselves, while Charlie looks at Johnnie and visa virtue.

The name Ringling is an old one, successfully connected with many professions and activities. The name Ringling first came into prominence many years ago when the Ringling Brothers' circus

was established. Of the seven brothers who revolutionized the circus business, only Charles and John Ringling are living, both natives of McGregor, Iowa, and are still actively interested in the huge circus organizations.

Becoming interested in Florida, first as a winter resident, Charles Ringling bought a tract of land at Sarasota upon which he erected a magnificent home. The unlimited opportunities, the many features of the climate, topography, and vegetation impressed Mr. Ringling so favorably that he soon took a prominent part in the development of Sarasota. Together with his brother, he purchased a tract of 67,000 acres of undeveloped land which they have under development and should prove one of the most attractive garden spots in Florida. Mr. Ringling organized the Ringling Trust and Savings Bank, which occupies its own beautiful modern building, and also many other enterprises in Sarasota. He is a member of several organizations in the north and south.

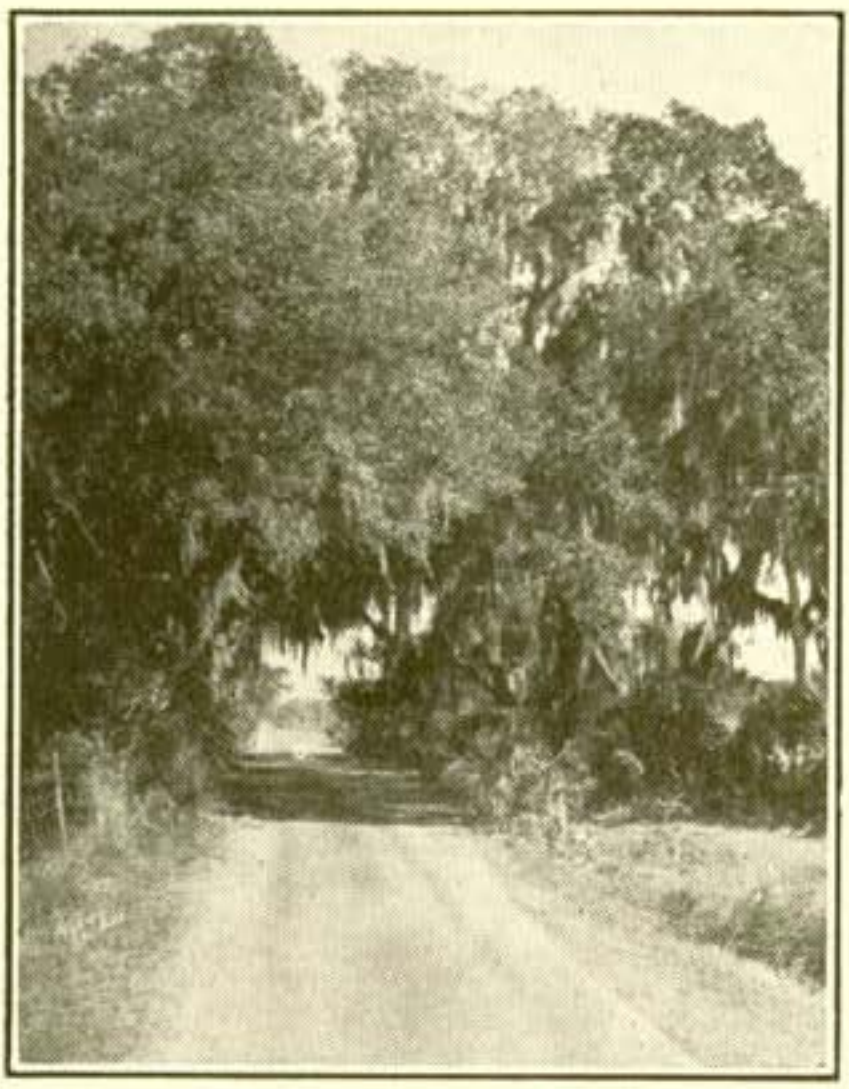


HOME OF JOHN RINGLING, SARASOTA

John Ringling has included in his holdings Longboat Key, just off Sarasota, and is now building a causeway from the mainland to the Key which is developing into a real lovely spot. He is president and director of five railway companies, direc-

tor in banks, hotel and oil companies, and a member of numerous clubs in the north and south.

Twenty years ago Sarasota was a small fishing village and remained so until Florida became the mecca of landseekers. Today it ranks with other Florida towns in the building program of millions of dollars.



ALONG THE TAMIAMI TRAIL TO SARASOTA

Mé and Pa thawt we wuz too bizzy to count them multi-millionaires who wuz hanging round them streets, stickin out their thumb for a free ride and eatin egg sandwishes all the same time, so we jest went clamorin round for sum good addvertizements to read, as them are allways sutch eddicatin articles. When we red Boca Grande has 90 miles of singin asphalt, corse Me and Pa sed, "ever thing sings down heer, only them over grown cock roaches, and speck them are two uncomfortibill." Boca Grande is a Irish name taken out of a French dictionary.

The true sportsman finds fishing in Boca Grande the fisherman's paradise, where many thrills in tarpon fishing have been recorded, and 400-pound tarpon have been hooked. Among the fish clubs of the state is the Pelican club, which has in its membership the most famous fishermen of the world.

Nuther of them advertisements sed, "Fort Myers is the Gateway to the Tropics." Me and Pa wuz crazy to see if it wuz stringin us, so we jest idled down thar, bout 150 miles south of Tampa. We wuz sure nobody in Florida wood tell Me and Pa a "whopper" and shure nuff the gate wuz thar.

> Fort Myers is indeed in the tropics, and it called the "City of Palms." One of the most attractive places is the home of Thomas Edison, which is entirely surrounded by beautiful trees and shrubbery. Mr. Edison is one of the founders of Fort Myers and for over forty years has taken keen interest in watching this beautiful city grow. Henry Ford's home adjcins that of Thomas Edison.

Me and Pa aint sayin which one of them smart fellers tempted us to play a game with them game fishes, but we wuzent in no mood. We jest sed, "Twilight allways brings a infinite longin for rest" and when we heard of 10 miles of asphalt round a Twilight Trail in Sebring, Me and Pa cum to the konklooson that wuz the Trail we wuz lookin for, and when we got there ever body wuz standin round on the streets talkin bout the city water. Folks in Sebring bathe on Sattiday nite in the same water they sprinkle their clothes in and wash their lawn, and its the purest water to drink, cuz it cures stummich trubbles, and the bug what causes typhoid you dont get.

Me and Pa wuz goin to stop at Frost Proof, what is located in the center of Ridge section, but we had nuff frost when we wuz in the north, and we got to thinkin bout them chilblains and coal strikes, and so we jest dodges that growin town for nuther.

Me and Pa struck up a friendly acquaintance with a Florida cracker wearin a happie chuckle neath a purtie tan derby, a turkey red shirt and long white pants. O; he wuz a darlin! He wanted to donate his kindness and take Me and Pa up in the Florida hills, if we woodent mind ridin in his car, with the top torn off, 9 spokes missin, only 1 piston ring and the carburetor busted and the fenders twisted a bit,

and the engine missin and the tires wuz blowed out, so we wood have to ride the rims; and the differential wuz dry what made it squeak, the radiator was caved in, and the hood wuz rusty;—other than that it wuz in purty good shape, and he sed, he reckon we woodent mind ridin in hisn if we wuz able to cum over them Goll Darn Georgie roads, even if his dident have no seat, cuz them Flurridy roads aint to be beet nohow. After ridin round in them Highlands we cum to Babson Park, and everbody knows Roger Babson. Me and Pa sed, "he wuz sum talker, and if everbody hears what he sed, they wood see Florida like Me and Pa."

About two miles beyond is Bok's Jungle. Edward Bok, the great naturalist and writer, bought 3,000 acres in the wild and has made arrangements with the Havana Government to bring 100 picturesque Flamingo to place here, and this will be known as "Trexel Jungle" named for the island in the Netherlands on which Mr. Bok was born. There will be no auto drives, but foot paths will wind throughout the jungle and surrounding highway. The same waters, and now known as Tiger Creek, used many years ago by the Seminole Indians, will be provided with canoes and the pleasure seeker will thus experience a thrill through natural scenery.

Me and Pa look millionaires in the face everwhar—if they aint playin checkers and throwin horseshoes at one nuther, with a rose in their button hole, they are settin under a shadie tree in a rockin chair reedin a noospaper and sellin grape fruit, corse sum whats old nuff play golf, while folks up north are freezin in the back and meltin in the frunt in December.

Speekin bout acts of kindness, them tourist camps whats no more than a chunk of sand—what a masheen stops on and pays the feller who stopped thar first 25 cents, is the biggest; corse sum of em has a top with a floor and its sides, and pertecks a feller from what hes ixpetin and aint gettin sutch as them gaters and snakes. And sumtimes a feller kin get a shower bath like what Me and Pa kin get in a purty bungalow

when the rain cums down in the usual speed,—speekin bout rain its the greatest stuff in Florida. Me and Pa walk erround same as everbody else—unconcerned like, and when we stop in a store everbody wears a sunny smile, and when the rain stops its jest as fresh as a kewcumber. In the north when it rains, the storekeeper gets on one of them l-o-n-g faces with a grouch, and growls "no—Bizz—today." Corse Me and Pa and everbody stayed to home cuz we dident want to get our tootsies muddy, and when it stopped rainin it wuz sulkey (sultry). Ungh-ung not in Florida.

To make our ixperience komplete Me and Pa followed the prescription and went down the east coast. The Cheney highway wuz sum slick ride, and we kepp goin till we stopped—in Cocoa, whar a slogan sed, "All that Florida has to Offer." Aint nobody offered Me and Pa nuthin, but we cum to the koncloosion it wuz cuz we looked fed up on Florida klimate.

Cocoa has five of the largest fruit and vegetable packing houses in Florida. The oranges are the famous Indian river variety.

The best duck shooting waters for gentlemen's sport shooting, in the United States is at Cocoa—The One Thousand Islands. The Brevard Duck club has its headquarters here, and among its nationally known members is M. G. Heim, owner of Electric Park, Kansas City, Mo. He also has his own ground for duck shooting at Malta Bend, Mo., and another shooting preserve in the big bend of Arkansas river in Oklahoma; but at no place has Mr. Heim found shooting as good as at these islands, which is the end of the flight. The ducks that winter in these waters are the fattest.

Mr. Heim states that the first thing club members do when going after ducks is to locate the pond in which they have fed, and this is done by firing the gun from a big boat. "Blinds" are then established and decoys are set and the members await the return of the ducks, which come singly, in pairs, and in sixes but seldom over fifteen in a "bunch." The reason this is called a "shooting place for gentlemen," is that the club does not set decoys until 10 a. m. and quits at 5 p. m.; and it is seldom

that this well-known sportsman does not "bag" the limit allowed by law. There are ten species of ducks to be found here and the summer duck is only known in Florida—it does not migrate. Mr. Heim states that there is one duck he has never seen in California, Missouri, or other waters.

All them folks up north will reed with plezzure that them cross roads are sproutin million dollar hotels as fast as they kin, and purty towns all in Spanish type. Many aint bleevin what Florida is doin and pullin off in the way of buildin and sellin. But the world aint doubtin Me and Pa. When folks sed, "Florida is crazy," Me and Pa sed, "it aint so." If a feller wants to pay $20,000 a foot—aint no sign sumethins rong, its bin advancin ever sints it wuz bought at 5 cents a acre. Well, enyway Me and Pa sed, "its jest the same as when the old cow kissed the woman, that aint nobody riskin lives like they wuz in a gold rush, but jest cummin to Florida and payin out millions for sand as unkoncerned like as the feller what sets on a bumble bee.

The next time Me and Pa stopped we wuz in a hurry and sed, to the restorent man, "give us a pie." He sed, "Pie is two hot." We sed, "give us sum rolls." He sed, "aint got no rolls." We sed, "give us sum tea." He sed, "dont make tea." He shure wuz the most cheery man to tell what aint—when Me and Pa could see em on the book shelves. Me and Pa sed. "aint we got fun!" Does that sound like Melbourne?

Melbourne, is the terminus of the Kissimmee cross-state highway, a direct road from the west coast to the Atlantic ocean.

A stilish man and woman wuz eatin whats relation to a orange (tangerine) and pickin a family quarrel, and when that restorent man sed, "them are Crackers" we wuz shure he sed what aint. In 20 minutes Pa sed, he wuz wise, but we aint goin be "Crackers" cuz Me and Pa will take it up with the United States Sekrettarie of the War Department and be called "Gobber Grabbler." Me and Pa stopped in Fort

Pierce long nuff to water "Old Henry," when a big man with a little mustash sed "Whar you-all goin?" Pa sed, "Enywhar in Florida they aint all talkin real estate" and the little mushtash big man sed, "Move on."

Fort Pierce is one of the most important commercial fishing ports on the East Coast. During the winter season the catch includes, Spanish mackerel, pompano, red snapper, sea bass and blue fish, which are shipped to the northern markets.

Me and Pa druv long jest as though we wuz findin mutch plezzure in reedin them trees what sed "Vero," and the more we red em the more we got to discussin that disagreeabill assafoetida subjeck what wuz onct upon a time attached to Me and Pa, and assafoetida reminded Me and Pa what oughter be attached to Vero—and shure nuff they attached a beach, and now it aint what it wuz, but its what it iz —Vero Beach.

When Me and Pa saw Kelsey, with a pale, freckle faced, red haired man wearin a see-a-sucker suit, Me and Pa wuz shocked from lookin at him in his pajamas, and fixin a automobeel tire what wuz slitely punkshured we wuz turned into a automatick image.

Kelsey is the first town in the state to have a factory for the manufacture of automobile tires.

Ferst thing Me and Pa did, wuz pop the factorie for one of them 99 year leases on a couple dozen pares, cuz folks down heer what aint buyin land and buildins are buying 99 year leases.

Wm. J. Conners, who registers from Buffalo, New York, and Okeechobee City, Florida, some few years ago purchased thousands of acres in the latter city, and realizing the great need of a highway through the everglades from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, was granted permission by the state to construct a toll road, which reduces the cross-country trip from West Palm Beach to Tampa via Okeechobee City by 125 miles.

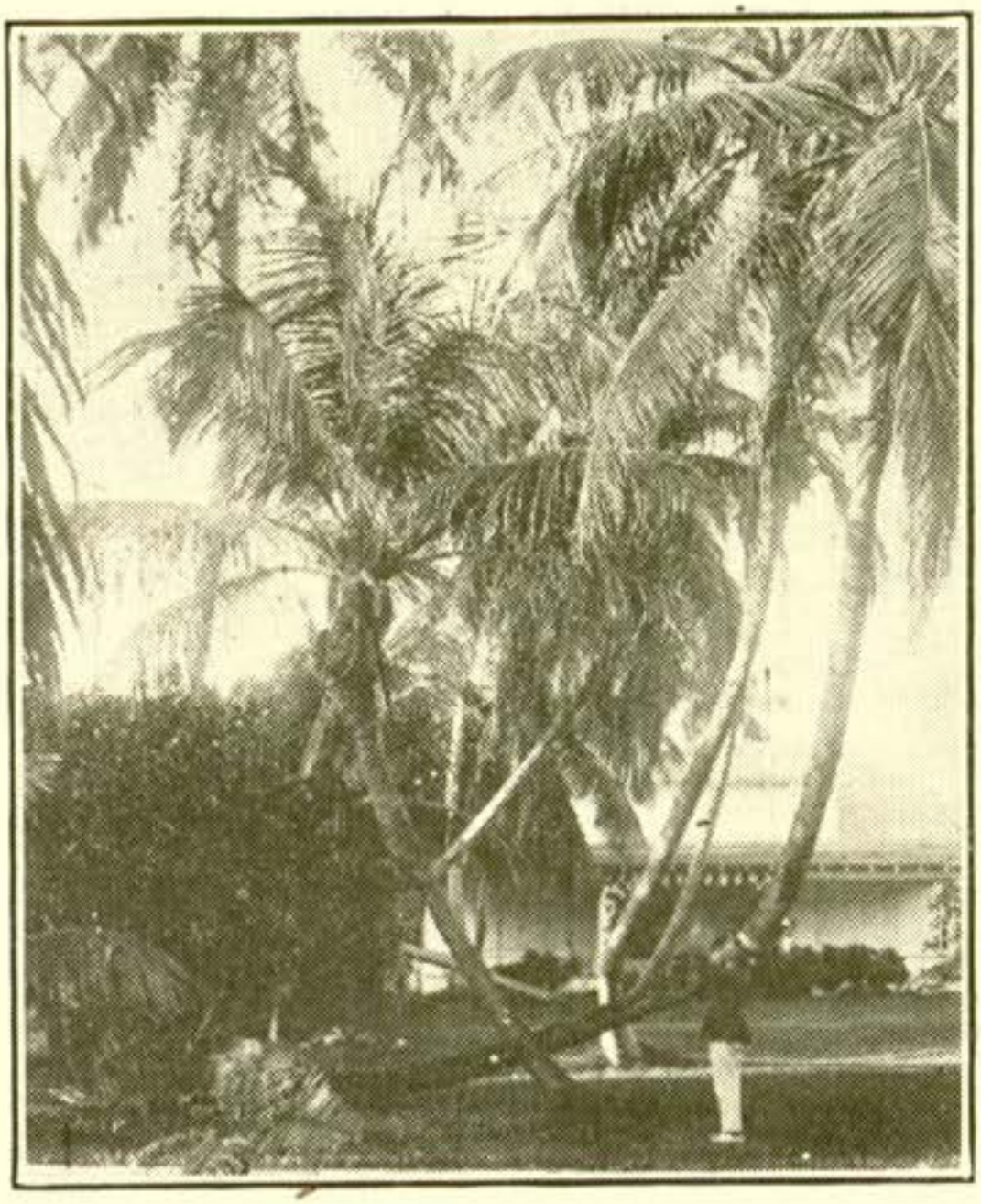
Okeechobee City is attracting wide attention since it is fast becoming a terminus of Central Florida for several highways. More channel catfish are marketed from this city than any other place in the world.

Me and Pa thawt Okeechobee county sounded so perfekly romantick and we fancied our craniums wood be in mutch more substancial condition for what wuz yet to cum, if we wood fliver ride over the Conners highway, and we wuz shure the boss wood be perfekly plezzed cause it wuz Me and Pa. Its werth ever bit of the 2 cents on "Henry," the 1 cent on Me and 1 cent on Pa to the mile to make it a profitibill bizz. It wuz nuff to make Me and Pa absent minded when we stopped in Palm Beach with them honest to goodness coconuts. Pa wuz goin to get em but they wuz up in them palms so high and we spotted Mayor Harvey and Sekretarie Robinson who had snuck off by themselves hidin under one of them trees figurin out how many more people there wuz in town next week than there iz last week, eatin mangoes, and discussin the great advantages of the east coast with the Seaboard extendin clear through to Meeamee, and workin the cross word puzzle all to the same tune. Pa wuz scared they wood be fond of cocoanuts too and he wuzent goin to split his pants and make a munkey of hisself for none of em. So Pa jest busted up the hole a-fair.

The picturesque water of Lake Worth divides Palm Beach from West Palm Beach; the former has the distinction for exclusive style shops and magnificent hotels, while the latter has fine business houses and is the trading point for a vast and splendid residential and agriculture section. In Greater Palm Beach there are many attractive and gorgeous mansions, with their landscape gardens of tropical shrubbery and trees.

Me and Pa sees big and little folks settin round with their pockit books wide open, jest handlin out money as ezzy for ice cream cones as harbor improvements.

The faithful and loyal citizens of Palm Beach and West Palm Beach are conducting their own harbor improvements. At a meeting held in West Palm Beach in March, 1925, all Florida organized a Development Board and in a few minutes $100,000 were raised to advertise Florida. In five days $450,000 were raised in Palm Beach for a Y. M. C. A. building.



COCONUT PALMS, WEST PALM BEACH

All this made Me and Pa meditate how we could tell the world bout Florida and aint taken up a collection, cuz we shure wood swell up with the mumps if we started out with that mutch money to tell the world. Me and Pa kin give a hole lots of advice bout troubles a feller mite get when he cums to Florida—sutch as tryin to pay state and inheritance taxes when they aint eny; tryin to keep up a speed of 45 miles per on the east coast when they bin use to 10 miles in sum little towns what holds a feller up to get a bit more to fix themselves up—corse it shows civic pride. Then

we kin tell folks how to catch sharks—whats in the water; other than this—aint no trubbles in Florida. One thing appeels to Me and Pa is evenin gowns. When we wuz shoppin round in purty Palm Beach, Paws dreamie eyes spotted a daintie passtell chiffon, and now i iz a smart, brilliant reproduced chick jest from Paris—thats what the nice saleslady sed, and i aint goin be dooplicated. It wuz so sweet for her to call me sutch uristokratick names, and Pa chuckled all over hisn self, and sed i wuz his deer, precious lollapoloosa. Pa tuck a nochun to get sum more baloon pants, what they jest got from the baloon factorie, and what all them old boys are wearin now days rain or shine, ever day in the weak on the street, stead walkin and golfin. Them are shure the most kommadatin pants i ever did see, as he kin carry all his shavin implemints, 5 hair pins, therometer, lip stick, carbunckill salve, inseck squirt gun and liver pills and he still aint lookin redickluiss. Me and Pa see bathin gerls runnin round shoppin now and then in them suits wee thawt belonged in the water. We kin see a big difference in Florida sints 50 years ago —when them wimmin folks cum in hoops and bustles with their husbands in long pants, and sat on a spot of sand what cost em 14 cents a acre. Folks bin slowly stumblin in heer, till now they iz cummin in by swarms, jest like them beeses what are heer to make the finest honey in the world, and get the juice from the orange blossoms, and all them flowers what has nectar ever day in the year.

> Lake Worth is situated on beautiful Lake Worth and the Atlantic ocean, and one mile south of West Palm Beach. The city has an attractive casino, with glass dancing floor, plenty of sports and recreations, and a fifteen-acre municipal athletic field.

Me and Pa thinks one of the deelightful sites iz when Mayor Clark and his quartette, who iz Harold Heglund, Irving Heglund and J. L. Nipple, who kin sing what Mayor Clark komposed cuz he dident want to tawk what he wanted folks to know, and what iz: (First and last verses.)

Dear friends who come down from the North
To seek this southern clime,
We welcome you to good Lake Worth
Where sunshine is sublime.

Now, this is all we have to say,
But we say it day by day,
Come to Lake Worth and make your home
And throw your cares away.

Them north folks wiggles round and put on a brave front and admit they got the sand in their shoes what tickles their toes, and they aint goin way no more.

A short drive will bring one to Boynton, a thriving little place surrounded by fertile land in which splendid herds of cattle are seen grazing. Several large nurseries supply tropical plants for exportation.

At last Me and Pa cum to the end of a perfek day, rite on the banks of the Atlantick. We stopped in what it iz, and aint what it wuz, but iz in the same Palm Beach county what it wuz—Delray.

Delray at one time was called Linton, due to the fact that Congressman Linton of Michigan owned much of the land. Later settlers from à suburb of Detroit called Delray came here, and it was then given its present name. This city is well chosen "The Ocean City." It has a fine ocean beach and the gulf stream is only 2½ miles out, thus this city is continuously swept by health giving breezes. The East Coast canal runs through Delray, separating the business section from the ocean. A charming drive along the ocean boulevard or the canal brings one to the million-dollar golf course and polo grounds owned by an eastern club. Delray can also boast of a municipal 18-hole golf course. Palm Beach county is a great pineapple section, and in the month of May the fields are ripened into delicious fruits. Delray is the largest shipping point, thousands of cars leaving here for northern markets.

Me and Pa wuz diskussted settin up at 3 o'clock in the mornin eatin ginger snaps and wishin for goose-

berryies, followin a reel honest to gosh fite—with a trick mosquito. Pa sed, he wuz the champeen of the world in hittin em over the head with a rockin chair, and speekin several langwidges all at the same minnit that Chummie iz chasin round the bed post the biggest cock roaches in the world what wuz huntin for silk stockin for lunch, but Me and Pa fools em by hidin em in coffy cans what aint labelled—cuz they mite be smart nuff to fool us. It aint unconvenient to heer folks sputter everwhar bout sumthin, if it aint the sand fleas spinnin round their room, they are scoldin bout the flues they user to catch in the blizzards, or payin $17.50 a ton for a bit of coal in the north. Shucks, its allways sumthin with sum folks. Ixcept Me and Pa we deecideed when we took the bet-

OH! FOR A JOY RIDE

ter for the worse, to take the bitter with the sweet in Florida till Pa busts up the hole a-fair.

A great sport on the east coast, especially for wimmin, is horse back ridin on turtles. Me and Pa put on our glad rags what wuz our linen dusters, rubbers and swagger sticks to take one of them joy rides, and when we get thar all them reelstate agents wuz waitin for us and koncentrated our attention to them beach feet at $500 per, and what iz more when dreams cum true.

Fort Lauderdale strangely iffected Me and Pa, sints it jogged our memories what had bin layin dormant for bout 80 years, and we wuz thinkin bout the time—

> Mayor Lauderdale was in charge of the white forces, and in a battle for eight years with the Seminole Indians. Fort Lauderdale now occupies the site of that battle ground.
>
> New River, which runs through the center of the city, is one of the wonders of nature in this beautiful section. According to tradition the New River sprang up over night, and it comes from an unknown source in the Everglades. This river affords a trip of great enchantment, as the boat wends its way between the tropical shores.

Me and Pa sed, "its a wonder everbody aint fiten yet, the way folks from the north are comin in thar and movin in buildins what aint done, and folks goin up north one month and cummin back the next, ixpectin to get a buildin they ordered 20 minutes fore they left." When they cum back they have that feelin what most everbody gets in Florida—that they want to live and die in Florida. Sum of em stick in a town what allready iz, and sum of em build a town of their own, cuz they aint satisfied with jest a ocean and sum lakes and canals, but they dig ditches goin through the streets, so they kin go shoppin in boats, and they call the town V-nice—corse its nice. But its a wonder to Me and Pa they aint buildin a bed on a trolley, so they kin ride round while they sleep. Me and Pa sed, "this is shure the life, and its marvelliss whats doin in Florida."

Them swell hotels in Florida all ways have sum new fangled stile bout em, and Me and Pa wuz reedin whar two eat a la-carte dinin room. After we stretched our necks for an hour, we cum to the konclooson wuzent no cents peekin in the windows nohow, and we butted rite in to see what kind of a cart they wuz operatin. Me and Pa looked all bout for a cart and we dident see nuthin like it, so wee knew rite off we wuz stung. A nice, big polite Southern Darkey, all togged up in a stiff bosom shirt toted us down the

long path, while the muzick wuz still playin that same old peace as they wuz when i went after Pa, what they called, "Heer Cum the Bride." Well, he jest grinned all over hisn self and pulled out them chairs like he wuz shure we wuz the King and Queen, and presented Me and Pa with the cutiest books, called "Men You." Pa sed, he never wuz use to know language only what they talked in the north, and he wuzent goin rack his brains tryin to figure out what they wuz tawkin down heer and plane corn beef and cabbage wuz good nuff for him. i wuzent goin to set there neath that purty baby lamp what had a bit of red silk on it, and make em think we wuzent use to them stilish hotels, so i sed, "bring me the table hot" (table d' hote). Well, he cum struttin in with a peace of celery broke in two. Me and Pa thawt that

BATHING GIRLS—THE YEAR 'ROUND

wuz a stingie thing to do. Then the soup what aint, and wuz sumethin else, aint even tastin like what he sed—and if they aint servin it in cup down heer! The next thing he wuz pickin up them dishes, and i

wuz jest beginnin to get the nochun—that wuz the slimest meal i ever did see, when he flapped a hunk fore me, what Pa sed, looked like soap and i had better stick it in his pockit; but i jest deecided by the smell it wuz—fish. i jest got through thinkin it aint sutch a bad meal after all, when all of a suddin he slipped a big pertater busted open in its skin, and a yam, what aint only a sweet pertaker made sweeter, fresh sausage, eddicated cabbage, and sum hot biscuit along the side of what i wuz shure wuz a mushmellon (avocado) but aint, and pa sed, "aint no cents eatin what you aint shure is a mushmellon and get toemane poison"—so i stopped rite whar i wuz. The next stunt that darkey wuz doin, wuz grabbin up them dishes, fore i told him i wuz through, and he sed, "ice cream or pie," Pa sed, "bring her both." i knew rite off what Pa wuz after, and when we looked up, there he wuz trottin in with the ice cream on top of the pie, G! That showed sum body wuz lazy. But i wuz jest goin slide the pie over to Pa, when that feller swore to Me and sed, "dam tess," (demi tasse.) Then Pa sed, "We want you know we aint goin take no swearin and her name aint Tess nohow, and i am a perfek gentleman." To make a short story long, Pa busted up the hole a-fair again as usual, and we wuz haff out fore we reely thawt bout the coffy we dident get. It wuzent no serprise for Me and Pa to heer bout newsboys cummin to be sutch populair fells—it wuz sellin newspapers what brung Pa to the frunt.

J. W. Young is a native of California, where he received his early education in real estate development. He promoted subdivisions at Hollywood, Cal. He went to Indianapolis after the war and opened several subdivisions, the greatest of which was Rainbow Ridge, on the way to the famous motor speedway. Mr. Young, when a boy, sold newspapers in San Francisco and aspired to become a developer, public speaker and publisher, and all of these desires have been fulfilled in Hollywood.

Hollywood-by-the-Sea has been called the miracle all-year resort city of Florida, its gigantic accomplishments having been realized since October, 1921.

The concrete broad walk of two miles extends into a beach great white way, while the city, has seven miles of ocean frontage. A $250,000 casino is one of the finest buildings in Florida and offering excellent accommodations—a large swimming pool for adults and wading pool for children. A constant supply of water is pumped to this pool from the Atlantic.

BROAD WALK AND TEA ROOM, HOLLYWOOD

Me and Pa wuz jest flobgasted when we spied them wheel chairs on the broad walk, and we wuz shure they wood beat a bisickle ride, so when everbody wuz lookin we walked out like we wuz the hole "Damm Family" and tuck our ride like we wuz spose to. But Pa busted up the hole a-fair as usual when he started his mournful snorin.

Miami, the "Magic City," is known throughout the world. It is truly a city of rare beauty, reflecting in all its glory upon the waters of Biscayne Bay, and tempered by the balmy breezes from the Atlantic. Miami is the haven for the sportsman, with more varied program of sports than any other city. The mind cannot conceive the brilliancy displayed at the gala affairs attended by the most fashionable from all parts of the nation.

Miami, like all Florida cities, is growing so rapidly that the utility companies are not prepared for the demand made upon them. Miami is one of the most lively cities in America, and it is estimated that 62,000 people cross the three-mile bridge

between Miami and Miami Beach every day, and every three seconds for twelve hours each day a car passes over the two-way bridge.

Me and Pa wuz shure topsie turbie in Meeamee huntin all over for the sign tellin us whar to park, and them huskie, healthie police boys doin the dell-sartie, and chirpin "step on it." We jest kepp goin round and round at 35 per, till we wuzent shure if it wuz our shadder or jest Me and Pa, and we wuz dizzie if we wuz ridin a Mary-Go-Round lookin at them things that scrape the sky and puttin up 5 or 6 of em all to onct in the same day and we dident get a chance to listen in the Meeamee broadcastin radio jest on count steppin on it. Shucks! we jest knew we oughter bin in Philadelphia, but the sign red "Welcome to Miami."

The late Honorable William J. Bryan, one of Florida's most prominent citizens, was a resident of Coconut Grove. The notable Bryan Sunday school class meets beneath stately palms, and with the gentle breezes from the Biscayne Bay and the Atlantic, makes this an ideal assembly place.

The magnificent church which is built at the entrance to Marimont, the new Bryant estate, is called the "Temple of All Saints." The tropical gardens and special southern plantings add to the charm of this wonderful edifice.

Let us linger in Coconut Grove and view the marvelous tropical flowers in profusion. The Royal poinciana is a gorgeous luxuriant tropical tree, and in the early part of July we find it in all its glory. The poinciana trees are beautiful, though not in bloom, throwing forth leaves of a delicate green and the laciness of a fern. The individual flower of scarlet or cardinal, impresses one as just a huge flower with the trunk of the tree as its stem; however it takes thousands of blossoms to cover a tree.

The jacaranda is a native of a Brazilian forest and is as blue as the poinciana is red. The blossoms in clusters are at the tip of the tree.

While gazing upward our eyes fall upon small clusters of coral blossoms, with a delicate clinging vine finding its way to the top of pines—this is

called the Antigonon leptopus. The Bougainvillea is another mass of beauty clinging to the rock walls about many of the mansions. Oleanders and hibiscus may be seen all the year.

While Me and Pa wuz spinnin round, we tuck a nochun to look at the purty blue-green water in the bay, and over the causeway to Meeamee Beach whar we kin hear them police still chirpin only louder: "Step on it, sumbodys behind you!" So, we jest made it snappie like a auto race. Over thar in the bay iz sum of the swellest islands what folks made just to keep bizzy. The trees what wuz growin in the water wuz chopped down, sand and pebbles what wuz heaped on top of the stumps what made it what it iz, and now what wuz in the water iz on the islands what wuz sold in chunks, and perfekly gorgeous homes iz on the stumps what aint. And Me and Pa has got wize to them cause ways too, sints we see em so mutch all a feller has to do is pile plentie of sand in a hole and put a road across it.

Me and Pa wuz shure happie when we wuz landed in Coral Gables feelin like we did in Spain when we aint, and seein all them Spanish houses with the gay and striped awins that wuz window displayed wuz jest the thing to make Me and Pa feel like startin a dress and shirt factorie.

Coral Gables now occupies the land that at one time was a forest of rare and beautiful trees. The gateways and entrances are built of native rock and blend most harmoniously with the surroundings. Many of the Spanish homes are roofed with the tile brought from Spain and Cuba. The Country club is delightful with a Spanish tower and round open air dance floor.

Barron G. Collier, of New York City, is the owner of 1,000,000 acres comprising Collier county, which has millions of feet in pine and cypress timber. The soils are splendid for sugar cane and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. It is claimed that this is the only place in the state where the Royal palm is found growing wild. A grove of coconuts, covering many hundreds of acres, is also in the county,

and the origin of it is unknown. Mr. Collier is president of the Tamiami Trail association and it is through his efforts that one of the greatest and most important road achievements is being accomplished.

Cedar Keys claims some old records of Spanish colonization and exploration show that this section was settled in 1525.

Me and Pa allways sed keys unlock somethin, besides hen house doors and that proves it—but we aint thinkin that St. Augustine and Cedar Keys will start a fite over sutch a trifle, cuz they are too full of hospital spirits.

The last Cracker Me and Pa met sed, "Key West is the victim of the East Coast." Me and Pa jest knew he wuz a stupid feller tryin to make us bleeve East is West, but we went repaired with a munkey wrench enway.

Key West is an island seven miles long and is the nearest American port to the Panama canal. It is only 92 miles from Havana, Cuba, with airplane and steamer connections.

Key West manufactures 150,000,000 cigars yearly.

Me and Pa wuzent only usin gas and ends of pencils travelin over all these Florida roads but we wuz usin lots of energy in collectin jest what sort of advise to send our north friends. Me and Pa swapped ideas this way one to the other: "Folks what aint got nuff money to last em a month or two better stay in the north and not spend it gettin heer, corse the good ones at buildin are purty welcome." Sum folks formed an idee they kin cum to Florida and get rich quick and ezzy; but Me and Pa knows it aint so ezzy, and dad aint able to set round all day and sing "Let the Women Do the Work" cuz sum times it takes both of em.

Me and Pa sed, if them folks what knows the trick in rasin vegetables, poultry, eggs and the like we wood do em a favor to advise em to cum and buy sum acres and do what the wize farmers down heer kin quit doin, cuz they cum to Florida when the land wuz cheap. So if folks will listen to Me and Pa and do

this, they kin dodge carryin them ashes, luggin a flat iron to bed and Ma aint findin it necessarrie to spoil poor Paws disposition by puttin her cold tootsies on his back, stead of that, they kin make money and lots of folks happie.

In konsiderin the group of north folks what has the money to spend they aint goin to make a misstep no place in Florida if they invest with reliable firms and not try to get sumethin for nuthin—it cant be did. Sum kin start a bizness of their own, they kin buy a spot of land and watch it grow into more money, or they kin jest set round all day and enjoy life in the playground of America. Me and Pa thinks its great!

> Florida is truly delightful, the climate is ideal—summer and winter. The trade winds blow by day, and cool breezes from the gulf by night; however the one who said, "We sleep under a blanket every night," has not discussed the subject with Me and Pa. Truth is better than fiction. There is not the slightest need to exaggerate the climatic or other conditions of Florida.
>
> Florida, with its rapid forward steps, is exceeding the dreams of the optimist. Hamlets become towns, and these in turn become cities as it were, almost over night. The building activities are beyond comprehension—billions upon billions being spent. Each community is doing its part in the building program. Beautiful churches, gorgeous homes, magnificent hotels and office buildings, together with theatres and American Legion homes are equal to any.
>
> The beauty and attractiveness of all Florida cities and subdivisions are most conspicuous by the modified Spanish architecture, which, together with the variegated colors so appropriate to the sub-tropical state, add a charm not visualized and must be seen to be appreciated.

Me and Pa jest hope you have enjoyed this trip through a deelightful state, "The Playground of the Nation."

And in konclooson Me and Pa kin only add "If we had a thousand years to live we wood live em all in Florida."

Marcis Oral Gluttes

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